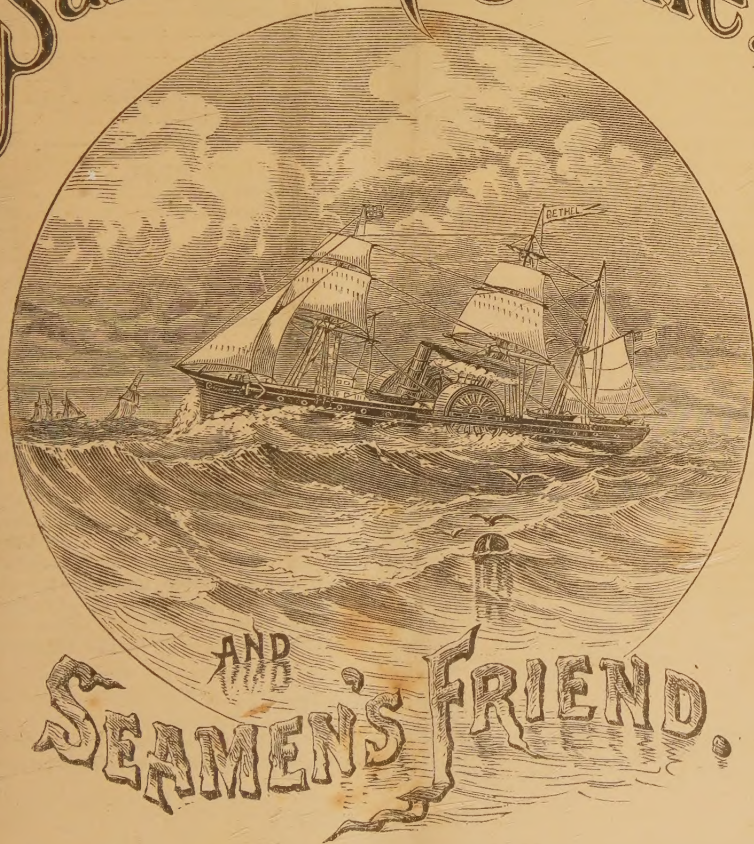


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THE
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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same*. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year*.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money *but always in a REGISTERED letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



Vol. 45.

AUGUST, 1873.

No. 8.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A SKETCH OF CAPTAIN JOHN P. RICE,
WHO DIED MARCH 14TH, 1873.

THE NEW LONDON WHALE FISHING TRADE—THE EARLY MISSIONARY WORK OF
THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

A brief review of the life of a sea captain who, for more than half a century, has battled with the stormy waves of all oceans, cannot fail to interest the intelligent readers of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

No man rises to the position of commander of a good ship, and retains the place, without possessing some striking points of character, and having enlarged ideas. His opportunities for observation of men and things are much more extensive than landsmen of equal intellectual powers whether natural or acquired, and, hence, we usually find shipmasters agreeable acquaintances, and interesting companions.

The gentleman of whom we write, was, moreover, closely identified with a work of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY forty years ago, in establishing one of their most

important foreign stations, and it seems therefore, peculiarly proper that a brief sketch of his life should appear in the columns of the journal devoted to their interests.

JOHN P. RICE, was born in New London, Conn., May 10th, 1798, and was the son of Thomas and Eleanor (Potter) Rice. Captain Thomas Rice, was a native of England, and one of a large number of enterprising shipmasters engaged in the West India trade, in the early part of the present century. Like many of his associates, and those who "do business on the great waters," he found his grave in the deep, being lost at sea in the *James Daniels*, in February, 1804, at the age of 45 years.

The care and education of the son, then less than six years of age, devolved entirely upon the mother, who lived until 1838, and that she

performed the duty well is certified by the fact that the captain often spoke of his mother with great affection and respect.

It is not improbable that like many other sons of seamen, the lad inherited a love for his father's profession, for he accompanied Captain Potter, his mother's brother, quite early in life on his fishing cruises, and is known to have made a voyage to the Island of Bermuda in the brig *Thames*, from New London, in 1818.

At the time of his death, Captain Rice was the oldest whaling master in New London, and was a type of the enterprising men of half a century ago who engaged in this exciting and hazardous business.

Some reminiscences of the early history of the whale fishery of this port may not be uninteresting in connection with this obituary notice. One of our earliest glimpses of local whaling is a notice in the *New London Gazette*, May 20th, 1784. "Sailed from this port, sloop *Rising Sun*, Squires, on a whaling voyage." Nothing further is known of this adventure, and it was probably only a short cruise off the coast.

An attempt was made to form a company for the prosecution of the whale fishery in 1795, but it was unsuccessful. Three vessels, the *Commerce*, *Miantinomoh* and *Despatch*, mostly owned in other neighboring towns, sailed from this port between 1794 and 1803 on whaling voyages to the South Seas, but do not appear to have been continued in the business. One of these, the *Miantinomoh*, owned in Norwich, sailed from here September 5th, 1800, and was at Massafuro in the following summer.

She was seized at Valparaiso in April, 1802 by the Spanish authorities and was condemned.

In 1805 the whaling business was fairly commenced in this place, and the new ship *Dauphin*, Captain Laban Williams, built at Pawtucket Bridge, in 1804, was fitted out by Dr. S. H. P. Lee, and sailed September 6th, 1805, for the Brazil Banks. She returned June 14th, 1806, and another ship, the *Leonidas*, was added. Both vessels arrived in 1807, one full, and the other with 1,050 barrels. In 1807, the *Lydia* was bought, and the three ships brought home in 1808, 3,100 barrels. The embargo and other derangements of commerce which preceded the war of 1812 with Great Britain, probably caused the business to be abandoned.

In 1819, when the trade of the place with the West Indies had begun to decay, and the town was in its lowest stage of stagnation, this fishery was revived. Daniel Deshon sent out the ship *Carrier*, and the brig *Mary Ann*, and Thomas W. Williams fitted the brig *Mary*, all for the Brazil Banks. One of Mr. Deshon's vessels was unfortunate, procuring only 59 barrels, and, though he continued in the business four or five years, yet none of his vessels made more than two voyages.

With the energy which has marked his whole life, Major Williams entered into the business determined to make it successful, and the growth and prosperity of our city is very largely indebted to him for the activity and zeal with which he prosecuted it under great difficulties.

The town contained at that time only 3,300 inhabitants, and the facilities for fitting and manning whaling vessels were comparatively few. The brig *Mary*, with 17 or 18 men, commanded by Captain James Davis, sailed from this port July 18th, 1819, and arrived June

7th, 1820, with 744 barrels whale, and 78 barrels sperm oil. The whalebone was not considered of sufficient value at that time to be worthy of preservation.

The crew consisted in part of Elias L. Coit, mate; Robert B. Smith, William H. Young, John P. Rice, Henry Rogers, James Smith, Nehemiah Manwaring, Charles Hobron, and Josiah Tinker. Many of these will be remembered as afterwards successful whaling masters. Two of them only, James Smith and Henry Rogers, survive.

Young Rice, then just 21 years of age, went out, it is believed, as a foremost hand, but was put in on the voyage as boat steerer, and on his return he received for his services 1-75 lay, amounting to \$127.21, whale oil being worth 28 cents and sperm about \$1.00. His activity and smartness are sufficiently shown by the fact that, when his owner added the brig *Pizarro*, in 1820, Mr. Rice, having made only one voyage, was given the position of first mate. The *Pizarro* was absent just ten months and brought home 1,145 barrels of whale oil, 105 barrels sperm, and 2,375 pounds of whalebone. His lay at 1-25, then came to \$462.10. He sailed again in the same capacity in the *Pizarro*, and she arrived March 24th, 1822, absent only eight months and nine days, with 1,288 barrels of whale oil and 63 barrels of sperm. Capt. Rice, having made but three voyages, was now promoted to master, and sailed as Captain of the vessel in which he had twice been mate, June 9th, 1822, arriving May 20th, 1823, with 779 barrels of whale oil and 99 of sperm.

This was a year of great depression in the whale fishery, the price of right whale oil going down to 23 cents, and sperm to 40 cents. Mr. Williams was, however,

not discouraged by difficulties in this as in other trying places in his life, but increasing his vigor and energy, he kept on while many of the Nantucket and other Eastern merchants withdrew and laid up or sold their ships. Capt. Rice took the *Pizarro* again and returned in 1824, with 1,011 barrels. He continued in the whaling business until 1854, commanding various vessels in the South Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and never bringing in a small cargo.

Some of his voyages were quite brilliant and worthy of note. Messrs. N. & W. W. Billings sent out, in 1827, two fine ships which they purchased that year, the *Phoenix* and *Superior*, to the Pacific Ocean for sperm oil. Captain James Smith commanded the *Phoenix* and Captain Rice the *Superior*. Many of our present citizens, with the writer (then a boy of 15) may remember the beautiful sight presented on the afternoon of May 1st, 1830, when these two vessels with over 5,000 barrels of sperm oil came up our harbor together.

A remarkable coincidence of the voyage of these ships may be noted: they left Tongataboo, Friendly Islands, together bound home, parted company in a squall that night and next saw each other off Montauk Point.

Capt. Rice commanded the *Stonington* of this port, owned by Williams & Barns, from 1837 to 1842, and in three voyages brought home 5,672 barrels of whale oil and 5,211 barrels of sperm. From 1844 to 1851 he commanded the *Isaac Hicks*, for Messrs Lawrence & Co., and in two voyages caught 7,170 barrels of whale and 270 sperm. One of the voyages of Capt. Rice not specially referred to in the above list as among his most successful cruises, was yet very impor-

tant in its connections with the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. The officers of the Society commenced the work of sending seamen's chaplains to foreign ports in 1829. The first station established was Canton, and the first chaplain, Rev. David Abeel, who left this country October 14th, 1829. The second station selected was Honolulu, at the Hawaiian Islands, and the Rev. John Diell was appointed as chaplain.

The work about to be undertaken was new, and the broad spirit of christian philanthropy which has since so pervaded the church was then very imperfectly developed. Efforts for the moral improvement and elevation of seamen had only recently been commenced and the amount of means at the disposal of the Society was small. In deciding to establish a chaplaincy in the Sandwich Islands, it was necessary to lay a solid foundation by providing a church edifice. We can hardly realize as we look back 40 years, how remote a point the Hawaiian Islands were considered by the citizens of the United States; a long, disagreeable voyage around Cape Horn of four to six months duration, was the only way to reach them, and all the materials for the building of the chapel must be forwarded by this route. Under these circumstances we cannot doubt that it was the overruling Providence of God which put it into the hearts of the owners of the ship *Mentor*, of New London (managed and controlled by the late Benjamin Brown) to give conveyance in their ship to the chaplain and his wife to Honolulu, and to carry, on and under deck, the materials for building the chapel and a residence for the chaplain and his family. The *Mentor* sailed from New London November 23rd, 1832, the wife of

Capt. Rice accompanying him on the voyage. The passengers, in addition to the Rev. John Diell and his wife, were, Rev. Lowell Smith and wife, Rev. Benj. Parker and wife, and Mr. Lemuel Fuller, Printer, missionaries of the American Board. Mr. Charles H. Burnham, a christian man, carpenter by trade, also went in the ship to oversee the construction of the buildings to be erected for Mr. Diell.

The *Mentor* arrived at Honolulu May 1st, 1833, with the passengers all in good health.

Revs. Messrs. Smith and Parker are still engaged in their work on the Islands. The mates of the ship were, Benj. F. Brown (now residing at New London), Horace Wheeler, Pitts S. Wheeler, and Marcus H. Sawyer. The passengers received great kindness at the hands of Capt. Rice, and on the arrival of the ship they presented him with a very complimentary letter in which their gratitude to him and his officers was expressed.

The chaplaincy at Honolulu was thus successfully established, and the records of its usefulness will only be written when the books of God's judgment are completed. The excellent christian man who first commenced the work was obliged to relinquish his labors from ill health, and left the Islands in the Fall of 1840, in the ship *Lausane*, and died in December of that year, soon after leaving Oahu, and was buried in the sea. Mrs. Diell returned to this country, and resided in Plattsburg, N. Y., where she is still living. Rev. S. C. Damon, the present worthy chaplain at Honolulu, succeeded Mr. Diell, and the frequent mention of his work in the columns of this MAGAZINE, has made your readers familiar with the most effective chaplaincy for seamen ever established by this Society. The *Mentor* re-

turned to port August 15th, 1836, with 1,296 barrels sperm oil.

The whale fishery has been on the decline for the last 19 years, and of late, with such increasing rapidity, that if continued for the next quarter of a century, a whale ship of two decks and regular appurtenances will be regarded as a curiosity, and a whaling master will only be found by looking up an old man. The whole number of vessels employed in the United States, January 1st, 1873, including 50 lying in port, was only 203 against 668 January 1st, 1854, and several have been lost and sold since this year came in, and none added. The poor old monster of the deep, unless he belongs to the aristocratic class of *sperm* is not worth what it costs to catch him, and unless he becomes more tame or increases his family connections largely, promises to be able to lead a peaceful life in another generation.

Although Captain Rice retired from the command of whaling vessels in the year 1854, at the age of fifty-six, yet he was still a vigorous man, and in 1859 Williams & Havens purchased a fine ship, the *Siam*, and gave him command of her. He made two successful trips to the Pacific Ocean in this ship, loading homeward once for New London with oil and bone, and once for New York with guano. The breaking out of the war so embarrassed American commerce that the owners sold her in 1861 to an English house in Sidney. He took down one of the old whalers fitted from here by the Government in 1861-2 to sink in the harbor of Charleston, and then at the end of about 40 years from the time he took command of the *Pizarro* and being nearly sixty-five years of age, he relinquished the active duties of his profession and moored his bark in the home port.

With great propriety he received the appointment from the Government, in the Custom House, of day inspector, in January, 1866, which office he held until the time of his death.

Those who remember Capt. Rice thirty years ago, in his best estate, will call to mind a fine erect gentleman, of very neat personal appearance and pleasant address. A model in these respects well worthy the imitation of all ship-masters, of kind and genial manners, he was always on friendly terms with his officers and crew. As a citizen, he was strictly honest and upright in all his dealings and was respected and esteemed. We believe he left no enemies behind him, and many friends will shed a passing tear over his grave.

He married Hannah B. Smith July 20th, 1820. Their only child, Helen Elizabeth, died in Sept. 1830, at the age of 5 years.

He possessed a strong constitution, and the storms and vicissitudes of his long sea life had not severely weakened or shattered the hull. He proved the truth of the assertion which has often been made, that seamen who are not cut off by disasters and not given to excesses, are usually favored with a vigorous old age. But three score years and ten are the appointed limit of man, and life extended beyond that time is often, as in this case, made tributary to bodily suffering and pain. Capt. Rice's *will* power and energy, remained vigorous and active, and he persisted, with failing health, in still visiting his office. Summoning the mind to perform the duties devolving upon him, he made the feeble limbs, by slow stages, carry his body for several months past from his residence to the Custom House. The last few days of his life he was called to experience very severe bod-

ily suffering, but, as might be expected from his character, he bore this with fortitude and resignation.

He was fully aware of his condition and knew that he was nearing the bourne from which no traveler returns. He desired that she with whom he had walked the path of earthly life for more than fifty years, should be near him, at the last trying hour, and would fain have had her company even over the river. But alone we enter this world, and alone we leave it. The dust must return to the earth as it was and the spirit unto God who gave it.

We go to the brink but cannot pierce the dark veil that hangs

over the invisible. May the Lord who kindly tempers the wind to the shorn lamb throw his arms of love around the bereaved widow, and cheer and comfort her during the years of sadness and sorrow which may remain to her.

In the old burial ground near the residence of the deceased, is a stone to the memory of a sea captain who died in 1791, with this quaint inscription :

"Tho' Boreas blasts and Neptune's waves have tossed me to and fro,
In spite of both by God's command I harbour here below;
Where I do now at anchor ride with many of our fleet,
Yet by and by, I must set sail, my Admiral Christ to meet."

H. P. H.

THREE DAYS IN A CYCLONE.

The ship *Riversdale*, James Irvine master, arrived in this port from Calcutta, after a voyage of five months and seventeen days. When one month out she encountered a cyclone, and was very nearly lost. Capt. Irvine, who is a Scotchman, about 35 years old, with the traditional heartiness of a sailor, tells the story as follows :

We left England April 5th, 1872, for Calcutta, via Melbourne and Madras. The voyage out was a prosperous one, without any special incidents. At Calcutta we took in a cargo of jute, linseed, and general merchandise, and started for New York Jan. 7th, this year. The crew numbered about thirty, and my wife and three children, the oldest about four years old and the youngest a babe, were with me. Feb. 6th I got a good observation and found we were in latitude 25° 10' south, and longitude 65° 12' east. In the afternoon the weather grew gloomy and the wind grew high, increasing at midnight to a gale, with a high

cross sea. I gave orders to shorten sail, to lower topsail and foresail. The wind was then east by north, and the ship moving west. At 8 A. M., on the 7th, the wind was still increasing, with hard squalls, and the ship was taking large quantities of water on deck. The barometer had fallen to 29° 35'. Being under the impression that the ship was running into a cyclone I deemed it prudent to bring her to the wind, and accordingly furled the foresail and brought her to on the port tack, heading southeast by south, wind northeast by east. The maintopsail was split, and I unbent it and bent another. At noon on the 7th the wind and sea were increasing, and the barometer stood 29° 20'. The ship was then laboring heavily and straining very much, shipping a great deal of water. By dead reckoning we were then in latitude 25° 25' south, longitude 65° east. At 2 P. M. the gale had increased so as to lay the ship with her lee rail in the water.

No accidents had happened up to his time to any one but myself. I was thrown clear across from one side of the hurricane deck to the other, breaking two of my ribs and bruising my wrist. I suffered a good deal from this, but kept on duty.

The lower foretopsail was split to pieces while being furled to ease the ship, but at 3 P. M. she was still lying with her lee rails under water. I then gave orders to goosewing the maintopsail. (Capt. Devine explained this to be furling one side of the sail and leaving the other side spread, thus putting it into the shape of a goose's wing.) Still the ship did not relieve herself, and I gave orders to let go the lee maintopsail sheet, which was done, the sail blowing to pieces. At 4 P. M. the wind was hauling northward, blowing a perfect hurricane, the ship laboring heavily and straining very much, with a great body of water on deck reaching from the lee dead-eyes to over the main hatch. I then gave orders to cut away the fore and mizzen topgallant masts, yards, and all attached, which was done, carrying away the fore and mizzen topmast heads. At 11 P. M. there was a terrific hurricane, the sea breaking on board, completely gutting the starboard side of the forecastle, taking all the men's effects, and smashing the starboard side of the cook house, washing away mostly all the cooking utensils, breaking portion of the engine house, with everything movable in it. The front of the poop was smashed, and all the bulkheads on the starboard side of the cabin, flooding it fore and aft, washing away nearly all our provisions. Only a few barrels of pork and beef and one barrel of flour, of which only the centre was unsoaked, were saved. The chro-

nometers and books and charts were ruined. So we had to run entirely by dead reckoning after this. I lost my private property entirely, having no insurance. I had one chronometer left, but it was so injured as to be of little use.

"At midnight there was no abatement of the hurricane, the wind being N. N. W., and the sea running mountain high. The starboard lifeboat, long boat, and gig, the main bulwarks and rail from fore to mizzen rigging, harness cask, doors, ladders, and hen coop, were all washed overboard, and the main topgallant studding was blown out of the top. At 11 A. M. of the 8th the ship was almost on her beam ends, and I had the main topgallant mast cut away with all attached. This carried away the maintop masthead with it. A sea striking the jib-boom and carrying it away, we had to cut away all the gear to clear the wreck from the ship. Our sails were now all blown and torn to pieces, and the ship was almost an utter wreck. In the afternoon we sounded the pumps and found six feet of water in the well, and I put all hands at the pumps until 1 o'clock the next morning, when the crew were thoroughly exhausted, having been at work three days and nights, with little or nothing to eat or drink. I sent them below for three hours. All the men did their duty nobly and behaved in the best manner; if they had not, nothing could have saved us.

At daylight we managed to get up steam on the donkey engine to work the pumps, and at noon of the 9th had only nine inches in the well. The ship was still lying with the starboard main rail in the water, but the wind and sea were going down. In the afternoon we began putting things to right and repairing damages. The ship being

almost unmanageable, I thought it advisable for the safety of all on board to throw some of the cargo over to right the ship, a careful list being kept of what was thrown over.

On the 10th the weather was still dark and gloomy but the wind light, and we shaped our course for the Mauritius. The ship's rail was still in the water and I continued throwing over the cargo. We made

Mauritius on the 17th of February, having some rough weather on the way, but not serious. I think we were carried around three-quarters of the circle described by this cyclone, passing through the heart of it. Four hours more I think would have done us. We were making preparations to build a raft when the weather began to grow better.

HOW TO SAVE THE DROWNED, BY THE DIRECT METHOD.

BY BENJAMIN HOWARD, M. D.

The sad and frequent deaths from drowning are occurring again with the regularity of the season. We have observed some of the cases peculiarly painful in their character, the unfortunate person, though showing signs of life after being rescued from the water, being allowed to die irrevocably, simply for the want of a little timely and skillful help. After apparent death from drowning, persons are peculiarly susceptible to resuscitation; the reason of this is, that unlike death from disease, when a healthy person is drowned, no part of their machinery of life is broken or impaired, the engine has simply stopped; so that let the breathing but be started again, and the entire system proceeds at once in healthy motion. As medical aid is usually absent in these accidents, and as a moment's delay may fatally turn the tide, we propose to supply such instructions as may enable every reader by a little practice upon a friend, to become perfectly competent to save life in such emergencies, if it be not beyond recall.

The following rules are adapted by their author for the general reader from those which have been used by the New York Board of Health, and which in the form of

an extended scientific essay, were awarded last year the prize of the National Medical Association of this country.

They are equally applicable in all cases of death from suffocation, and have already been the means of saving several lives in the hands of persons otherwise entirely ignorant of medical matters.

RULE I. Upon the nearest dry spot expose the patient to a free current of air; rip the clothing away from the waist, and give a stinging slap upon the pit of the stomach.

(If this fails to arouse the patient, proceed to force and drain away the water which has entered the chest and stomach, according to Rule II.)

RULE II. Turn the patient upon his face, the pit of the stomach being raised upon a folded garment above the level of the mouth. For a moment or two make a steady pressure upon the back of the stomach and chest, and repeat it once or twice until fluid ceases to flow from the mouth.

RULE III. Quickly turn the patient upon his back, with the bundle of clothing beneath it so as to raise the lower part of the breast-bone higher than the rest of the body. Kneel beside or astride the patient, and so place your hands

upon either side of the pit of the stomach upon the front part of the lower ribs, that the fingers will fall naturally into the spaces between them, and point towards the ground.

Now, grasping the waist and using your knees as a pivot, throw your whole weight forward, as if you wished to force the contents of the chest and stomach out of the mouth. Steadily increase the pressure while you count ONE—TWO—THREE—

(This forces the foul air out, and is ex-pira-tion.)

then, **SUDDENLY LET GO**, with a final push which springs you back to an erect kneeling position :

(This allows the lower elastic ribs to spring back, enlarges the capacity of the chest, compels an in-rush of air to prevent a vacuum ; this double bellows motion constitutes respiration or breathing.)

remain erect upon your knees while you count ONE—TWO—then throw your weight forward, and proceed again as before. Repeat the process at first five times a minute, gradually increasing it to about fifteen times a minute, and continue it with the regularity and rhythm of the natural breathing which you are imitating, if necessary, for about an hour. If another person be present, let him with the left hand hold the tip of the tongue out of the left side of the mouth with the corner of a pocket-handkerchief, while with the right hand he grasps both wrists and pins them to the ground above the patient's head.

AFTER TREATMENT.

When breathing first returns, dash violently a little cold water occasionally in the face. As soon as breathing has been perfectly restored, strip and dry the patient rapidly and completely, and wrap him in blankets only. Give hot brandy and water, the first

half hour a teaspoonful every five minutes, and for the next hour a tablespoonful every fifteen minutes. Apply friction to the limbs if cold. Secure a free supply of fresh air, and let the patient have perfect REST.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS RESPECTING WHAT TO AVOID AND PREVENT.

AVOID DELAY. Promptness is the first consideration. A moment lost may be a life lost. Waste no time in gaining shelter. When obtained, it oftener harms than helps the patient.

PREVENT crowding around the patient, and everything which interferes with a free current of fresh air. However difficult this may be, it must be positively enforced. The anxious efforts of kind friends to engage the patient in conversation when he is rallying, and everything else which tends to increase the exhaustion of the patient must be interdicted.

AVOID giving fluids before the patient is well able to swallow. When given too soon it must obstruct breathing and may choke the patient.

AVOID hurried and irregular motions. The excitement of the occasion is almost certain to induce this. Move a flickering candle carelessly, and it goes out, and the heart when its beating has almost ceased, needs but little interruption to stop it. All the movements of Rule III should be performed with perfect steadiness and rhythm, and especially so when the compression is made as an adjunct to help the first natural gasps, and deepens them into long drawn breaths.

AVOID an overheated room. The animal heat which is needed must be generated from within by the respiration of cool air, and by stimulants, and the heat thus gen-

erated is best retained about the patient by blankets.

AVOID giving up too soon the patient to death. Any time within one or two hours you may be on the very threshold of success, though there be no sign of it. The

author has several times succeeded after half an hour of apparently useless effort. Do not neglect the patient too soon after apparent recovery; rest and care should be maintained for a few days, or pulmonary troubles may ensue.

Christian Weekly.

A LIVERPOOL CENTENARIAN—MEMORIES OF AN OLD "SALT."

There are very few people in Liverpool, or any where else, we may venture to say, remarks the *Liverpool Courier*, who can count their age up to 100 years. We have just fallen in with an old salt, who assured a small and inquisitive group of bystanders that he was well on in his hundredth year, and that, on the 10th of next January, if spared, his century of life would be complete. There are many corroborative circumstances confirming the veteran's assertion, and, judging by his physical condition—for the touch of infirmity was no heavier on him than on many men forty years his junior—the chances, humanly speaking, are in favor of his peeping, at all events, into a second century. John Oliver, the old man who was the hero of the hour, and upon whom the group that surrounded him looked with feelings of curiosity, had been to the Sailors' Home to receive his half-yearly pension from what is known in Liverpool as the Nelson Fund—a provision arising, as elderly inhabitants may remember, out of the surplus subscriptions to the Nelson Column, the great central object on the "flags"—and doled out at the rate of £3 a year to decayed master mariners reduced now, we believe, by death to twenty-three. John Oliver, it will be admitted, is a very proper re-

cipient of the bounty, for he is one of the few remaining heroes of those great naval engagements in which this country was concerned in the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century, with which the name of Nelson is so gloriously associated; and he was on board the *Victory* when the great commander fell. But taking up the old man's narrative chronologically, we should say that John Oliver was born near Tavisstock on the 10th of January, 1774, and was brought up at that place. Soon after he was ten years of age he desired to go to sea, and having run away from home, went to North Shields, where, in 1785, he entered for his first voyage. He served his full term of apprenticeship, and no doubt became a smart seaman, for in 1794 he was considered a desirable prey for the pressgang, and found himself all at once a man-o'-war's-man, being pressed on board the "*Bellyruffon*," as he calls it, though he carried about with him a "false indenture," in which his name and age were disguised to prevent his being captured, a device which was commonly practiced in those days. He fought, therefore, at the Nile in 1798, and as the *Bellerophon* suffered more than any other ship in that memorable engagement, he congratulated himself

on having left the battle unhurt. He was afterwards drafted on board the *Glutton*, in which he fought at Copenhagen, and on leaving this vessel in 1801 he went to Portsmouth. The next year he was drafted to the *Resolution*, from which he was paid off after a short service. For a brief period he resumed his occupation in the mercantile marine, but was again pressed in 1803; on the renewal of war, and was put on board the *Antelope*, commanded by Capt. Sir Sydney Smith. From this ship he was drafted to the *Victory*, in the name of John Jennings, and was one of those to whom Nelson gave the memorable order—"England expects that every man this day will do his duty." After the war he obtained leave of absence, and having "broken" his leave, was marked as a deserter, and thus forfeited a pension of £18 a year. Finding his way to Liverpool, he resumed his proper name, and voyaged for years from this port, without interruption, in the merchant service. His first employer in Liverpool was Mr. Gladstone, the father of the present Prime Minister, and he was chief officer of the *Kingsmill*, the first vessel which left this port after the East India trade was thrown open. His last ship was the *Douglas*, belonging to the latter firm, and Oliver retired

from the sea at the age of eighty-six. His maritime career was unfortunately not closed with a competency, and the old man has eked out a very bare maintenance by a few pensions which he has enjoyed for years. From the Greenwich "sixpenny fund" he derives £3 8s. a year; from the Nelson fund, since 1864, £3 a year, and from the Mercantile Marine Service Association, £12 a year. A small allowance is also made to him by Mr. Robertson Gladstone in consideration of past services, and Oliver now lives with his only son, a joiner, in Toxteth Park, the eldest son of the second marriage, for Oliver has been twice married. With his first wife, whom he married in 1807, he lived twenty-five years, and after a lapse of seven years he again married, and was united for thirty-five years. The old man retains the enjoyment of all his faculties, and has a vivid recollection of the more exciting periods of his life, and the incidents of the naval warfare in which he was actively engaged, especially his hairbreadth escapes on the *Bellerophon*, when six of her ports were "knocked into one." He was never wounded, and has always had excellent health, which, to the full extent compatible with his great age, he still enjoys.

THE ATLANTIC DISASTER, AND ITS LESSONS.

It is a good time, after the first horror of the disaster to the steamship *Atlantic* has passed away, to consider and discuss, with calmness and candor, the question as to the responsibility for that wholesale sacrifice of the lives of innocent and trustful passengers. Where was the blame? We are not inclined to place it at the door of

Captain Williams' chart-room. It is no more than just to believe that he did the best he knew how to do. His own safety was involved with that of his passengers, and his action after the wreck showed that he considered his own life worth saving as well as that of his passengers. Was he considerably cautious under the circumstances in

which he found himself? Probably not. Did he prove himself to be a good navigator? We think not. Would the ship have been lost in the hands of a man who understood the dangers of the coast, and thoroughly felt the tremendous responsibilities of his office? Possibly not—probably not. But who placed Capt. Williams in command of the ship? Who but the same company that sent him out of port with a shamefully small supply of coal, and thus forced him into the circumstances which he proved himself to be incompetent to meet and master?

If Capt. Williams was an incompetent navigator, the fact must have been known to the company as well before as after the disaster. His life has not been hid under a bushel. He has commanded steamers sailing between New York and Liverpool for years. If there was anything in his character, habits or nautical education, which made him anything less than the best man possible for his place, the company knew it, or, if they did not know it, ought to have known it. Primarily, then, the company is responsible for every mistake that Capt. Williams made, and for everything culpable—if there was anything culpable—in his mismanagement. That he made great and awfully fatal mistakes, is evident enough, but we go no further than this in awarding blame to him. We are willing to believe that he did the best he knew; but the question is: *Was the best he knew the best that was known?* If not—and we believe that the general conviction is that it was not—then we must hold the company responsible for placing him in a position of such tremendous responsibility. They are responsible for their commander; they are responsible for sending him to sea unprepared for

the exigencies of the voyage; they are responsible for all the death and woe that have resulted from their course. If Capt. Williams was not the man for his place, he ought not to have been in it.

It is time that the American people, who furnish three-quarters of the fares of the finest lines, should know something of the dangers to which they are subjected by the foreign owners and commander of the vessels which furnish the only means of transport to European shores. Tens of thousands of our best people are going back and forth every year on these lines. The world does not possess another line of ocean travel so freighted with life and treasure as this, or one which demands, from the interests involved, such faultless vessels and such thorough seamanship and high character on the part of those engaged in its management. We trust to these commanders our own lives, and the lives of our children and friends.

In these days, any sphere of industry commands the man it pays for. The world is so full of enterprise and the opportunities for wealth, that a cheap place, as a rule, can only get and retain a cheap man. One of the best captains afloat said the other day in our hearing: "A good man must either be hard up, or have a little money invested, to afford to be a captain in the Anglo-American service." The remark has moved us to make inquiry into the matter, and we find that the pay of a captain in this service is, on some lines, from £300 to £400 a year, with a bonus of £150 if no accidents occur, and on others from £300 to £500, without a bonus. In our money the salary of a captain is, therefore, from \$1,500 to \$2,500 a year. His board upon the ship is, of course, free. How do these wages appear

to those who are compelled to trust their lives and their possessions to such men as can be hired by them? It ought to be stated, too, in this connection, that in the English-Australian Steamship service, the captains receive a thousand pounds a year—small wages enough to be sure—but why is this difference made? Does any one doubt that the Australian line absolutely commands by its liberality the best seamanship in the market? Why should the lines that convey such multitudes of Americans in their cabins and such crowds in their steerage be subjected to this disadvantage? We know that there are, in the Anglo-American service, as good captains as there are in the world, but they are men who are forced to remain there by circumstances. How are their places to be made good when they retire? Are their wages such as to make their places a prize to be sought by the young men who are laying their plans of life? As a rule, these lines will get just what they pay for—that is, they will get cheap men, and to these men all Americans who desire to visit Europe are obliged to trust their lives and their treasures.

The first officer in the Anglo-American service gets about £15, or \$75 a month, or \$900 a year—what we pay to an ordinary clerk. The second officer gets \$50 a month, or six hundred dollars a year; the third officer \$30 a month, and the fourth \$25. To men receiving these latter sums the Atlantic was committed when she plunged upon the rocks, with her priceless freight of human life. These sums correspond closely to what we pay our waiters and men of all work about the house, while they would not hire, in New York, a first-class waiter or a butler. The idea is horrible, but the facts are as we state them,

or we have been misinformed by one who has the best opportunity of knowing them. What must generally be the class of men who can be hired at these wages? When this question is rationally answered, we can form some conception of the risks we are compelled to run by the parsimony of companies whose cabins we crowd with passengers, and who can hardly find room for the enormous freights which we commit to them?

We know of no way to secure a safer service but by holding the companies rendering it to a strict accountability. They are accountable for their ships, for their supplies, and for their commanders. If they wish for better captains—nay, if they wish to secure the best service of those they have—let those commanders hold a place whose wages are a prize worth holding, and make that place so high that young men of the best talents and character will look upon it as worth seeking. Let it be given to no man until it can be given as the reward of eminent character and eminent seamanship. As the facts stand to-day, we have no hesitation in saying that the niggardliness of these Anglo-American lines is a shame to their owners and managers, and that, until it is corrected, we have a perfect right to hold them criminally responsible for all the disasters that occur to them through the carelessness or ignorance of their employees.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's for June.*

Jack Ashore.

Mr. W. H. Rideing furnishes an illustrated article in *Harper's Monthly* for July, from which we make the following extract:

The Home in Cherry street, New York, is partly hidden by the Sea-

men's Exchange. It has the aspect of an ordinary hotel, and displays no distinguishing sign, unless it be the wooden figure of a naval lieutenant perched on the cupola near the flag-staff. Groups of tanned and stalwart men are chatting in the wide balcony and in the smoking-room, which is entered from the hall. In the basement front is a clothing store, and in the rear a spacious dining-room. Breakfast is served from six to seven o'clock, dinner from twelve to one, and supper at six. The quality of the food supplied is excellent, and the quantity unlimited. Passing to the first floor again, there is a room set apart for the purpose, in which a weather-beaten old tar, recently home from a five years' trading voyage to the South American coast, is entertaining two handsome young daughters, who have traveled from a Minnesota village to see him and kiss him. The reading-room and museum are also on this floor. Curiosities from every clime in which American sailors have frozen or melted, are aggregated here in cabinets, simply labeled in the crude handwriting of the contributor. Relics of lost vessels, of battles, hunts, explorations, and aboriginal loves; a splintered spar which sustained the giver one dark night upon the waters; a rusty cutlass stained with the wicked blood of a Malayan pirate; a quiver of Indian arrows; a stone pilfered from a Chinese temple; and the varicolored plume worn by a South Sea Island belle at a ball given by the crew of an American ship, are clustered behind the glass doors, and from their dusty shelves speak countless volumes of thrilling adventures on the flood and in the field. Abundant reading matter can also be found in this hall, which is clean, light and airy.

The three upper floors are oc-

cupied as bedrooms. About 150 lodgers can be conveniently accommodated but the average number is 100. Baths with hot and cold water are always ready for use. The rooms of the regular boarders are mostly single-bedded, and are better furnished than those given to casual guests. Disturbances among the men are rare. Occasionally a backslider comes home three sheets in the wind after closing hours, but he cannot withstand the amiable appeal of Mrs. Alexander, the matron, and allows her to send him quietly to bed. Our inspection is incomplete unless we are introduced to this lady—"Mother" Alexander, as she is affectionately called by the sailor, to whose care she is heartily devoted. She has aided her husband in superintending the Home for several years past, and is as proud of her boarders as they are of her. A comely woman, and spirited in the work that lies nearest to her, she exercises a power over the most austere and apparently uncompromising sinners. She is jolly and practical, and by the charm of her own personality reclaims and uplifts those about her. Her cozy private sitting-room is overcrowded with tokens of gratitude, which are every day being brought to her from men in the obscurest corners of the globe. From these profuse mementoes she might stock and maintain a menagerie, a museum, or a fancy-goods store. One man vouches for his affectionate remembrance of a kindness received in port by a chameleon, which he has sent home from a Mediterranean town by a friend; another with an exquisite comprehension of woman's instinct, has remitted an ugly Hindoo god, accompanying it with, not incense and myrrh, but a love of a stuffed and exceedingly rare monkey. A very rude effort at oil-painting

hangs from one of the walls, and its wonderful defects might be accounted for by the fact that fore-castle light, in which it was executed, was bad, and the author had never attempted anything of the kind before. The live stock that arrives at Mrs. Alexander's doors includes cockatoos and gold-fish, Spanish poodles and small tigers. Parrots and monkeys are a sailor's favorite tokens of remembrance, however, and these are given in such quantities that one of her greatest desires is to make friends who will accept her innocent little Darwinians.

During the year ending May, 1872, the number of boarders was 2,200, an increase of 238 over the previous year, and of 1,237 over the year before. These included both seamen and mates, but not captains, who object to associating on shore with their subordinates. During the same period the men deposited \$32,741 with the superintendent for safe keeping, and of this amount \$16,144 was sent to relatives, and \$3,843 was placed in the Savings Bank. Shipwrecked and destitute seamen applying to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY are sent here and gratuitously provided for until they obtain another ship. The uniform charge of board and lodging is seven dollars per week, as in the licensed boarding-houses. The boarders' opportunities for dishonesty are numerous, but a defaulter is exceptional, seamen, as a body being noted for their integrity. The Home building is owned by the Society and leased to the superintendent, who conducts it upon an independent basis, although a percentage of his profits is paid to the Society, which also reserves the right to supervise and regulate the tariff.

The Common Sailor.

BY MARY L. SHERMAN.

Not the stereotyped one of the gaudy pictures in shop windows—the lithe, elastic figure of a handsome boy, high in the rigging, clinging in a graceful, but highly impossible way to the mast,—slippers on his white-stockinged feet,—the broad turn-away collar, and loosely tied cravat exposing the graceful throat of a young Apollo,—the wonderfully animated face, and wide open eyes surrounded by a jaunty hat, with a fresh, blue ribbon that streams in the wind with a vigor that contradicts the possibility of its keeping on his head—such a hat in such a gale,—not this sailor,—for outside the picture he does not exist,—but the rough, tough, sinewy tobacco-chewing—alas !—rum-drinking—“common sailor,”—born in poverty, and to poverty among the fiords of Norway, or the deep inlets of Sweden, or on the half submerged shores of Denmark and Holland, or on the high coasts of Spain or Portugal, or on the teeming wharves of Liverpool or Havre or “all along shore” of our own interminable coasts.

The “common sailor,”—a man of whom no one asks “Who was his father, Who was his mother?” A man to whom the land is a curse and the sea a hardship,—a man improvident, generous, inconsequent in his virtues and in his vices. A man who is seldom known in two ports by the same name, who scarcely remembers his true name; a man to whom the political world chicanery and modicum of justice is wholly unknown. A man to whom home and family are fancies as unreal as “Arabian Nights.” A man who dies in a hospital, or is buried in the depths of the ever hungry

sea. "The man without a country." It may be there is here and there a man of them, who may not be included in this classification, but go down to the crowded, untidy, unwholesome thoroughfares of the great Metropolis, where the ship masts make a leafless forest, and see if all this is not true of the droves of men who are pointed out to you as "common sailors;" aye, and more, they are duped, and bullied, and bought, and sold,—these listless, land-sick, half intoxicated "infants"—"children of the sea." They are men from every quarter and climate of the earth. You know it by the infinite variety of complexion and feature. Very few old men do you see, and these old before their time. Disabled and at the Hospital, or shipwrecked and in a watery grave, is the common reward of the common sailor long before white hairs crown the fullness of days.

Bought and sold? Yes, literally. The sailor comes on shore, intending to spend his money. Boarding house keepers, whose "house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death" seize him. He is kept under the influence of liquor, so that he is a mere puppet in the hands of skillful players. He is "boarded" long after his money is entirely gone, and then, more than any other debtor under the sun, he is the property of his creditor,—a wise creditor—who secures, not only all the victim has earned through long months of hardship, but also all that he will earn for months to come. When it is not profitable that the victim should be kept longer, he is bargained away by his keeper to some captain for a bonus and the advance wages, to pay his indebtedness, and tumbled on shipboard in a stupor of intoxication, to first learn of his engagement when miles at sea, while the boarding

house man, having secured the sailor's advanced wages seeks fresh victims. What wonder that so many sailors are lawless? What wonder that each year there are fewer American sailors?

Such men are the great body of "common sailors" to whom are entrusted the lives and property of passengers on "Lost Atlantics." For this evil, what is the remedy? The one great remedy for all evil, Christian effort for their temporal and spiritual welfare made in every possible direction—in special legislation that shall give special and real protection to these "Wards of the Nation"—in the establishment of Seaman's Exchanges and Employment Bureaus in all ports, where the Captain may meet and select the crew, on whom so much will depend the safety of life and property;—in the establishment of Boarding Houses for Seamen under the care of conscientious, Christian keepers,—in the establishment of schools and missions, adapted to the tastes and needs of sailors, and finally, by doing what every one can do,—giving either money, or personal effort, or both, to the assistance and furtherance of this great work of first protecting, and then Christianizing "The Common Sailor." Can any Christian at Work conscientiously neglect to assist in the great work of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.—*Christian at Work.*

KINGSLEY says, "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

The Ship Launch.

It was a beautiful summer evening some years ago, when the tide of a vast population poured forth into the streets of a large sea-port town in the south of England, making its way into one of Her Majesty's dock-yards to witness the launching of a huge ship of one hundred and twenty guns. The gates of the yard were thrown open, and the thousands of spectators gathered round the dock where this mighty vessel lay high and dry, waiting the moment when the tide of the sea should rise high enough for her to be launched into the deep. The dog-shores (as they are called), or posts of wood, that still retained the ship on the slip, had been so arranged that by a skillful mechanical contrivance they could in a moment be knocked away upon the cutting of a mere *pack-thread*, which held a lever down, so that as soon as the string was cut the lever rose, and being connected with other levers and pieces of timber, the whole was loosed, and the ship, no longer kept in her position, could slide down the inclined plane on which she rested into the sea. The expected moment came. The signal was given. A lady to whom the launching of the ship was committed cut the string. The loosed timbers fell down; the name of the ship was proclaimed; and the gallant vessel seemed for a moment to quiver a little, and then slowly began to move towards the sea. The rapidity of her motion increased, till with one mighty plunge she seemed as it were to bury herself in the deep, and scattering the spray wide and far, shot out with uncontrollable impetus into the ocean. One loud cheer from thousands of voices sounded her welcome into her new element. Music struck up from various bands. The

flags floated majestically from her temporary masts; and after a few tossings to and fro she rested peacefully on the bosom of the waters.

Years have rolled away since the writer when a youth witnessed the scene. It has lately recurred to his memory as strikingly illustrative of another *launch*. In his unconverted state he used often to think it was impossible for him to break through his besetting sins and to cut the cords that seemed to chain him to Satan and to sin. But as soon as he trusted God's blessed love in the gift of His own Son—as soon as he saw that not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His own mercy God saves us—every cord was easily broken, and he sprang up out of the chains that bound him a free man, delivered from the dominion of sin and the thralldom of Satan.

Many an unsaved sinner is like the ship on the stocks, kept from welcoming the love of God by some little trifle—some mere *pack-thread*, as it were, which needs to be cut. The devil knows how to keep the soul from trusting Jesus by whispering that this or that pleasure must be given up—this or that besetting sin be renounced; and thus for the sake of some little momentary trifle, some fleshly indulgence, an eternity of endless happiness is risked, and the poor captive of Satan is held, as by a thread, helpless and powerless.

Reader, is it so with you? Are you shrinking still from confessing Christ? Do you hesitate to make the plunge? Cry to God to give you courage *to cut the string* that keeps you from salvation. A shout of exultation from hosts above will welcome you to the bosom of God, and you will be launched upon that boundless sea, and find new pleasures, new joys, till you reach at length the haven of eternal rest.

How and What Readest Thou?

A young sailor married a thrifty young woman, began housekeeping in humble quarters, and set up the family altar. He had his seat in the little church of which he was a member. Often his voice was heard in the prayer-meeting, and he loved to tell his experience of God's goodness on the great waters.

And so things went on, until one day he fell down the hold of his ship, and was too much injured to go the voyage; but he had a snug home to anchor in and a faithful wife to nurse him. She brought but little to her husband, only a bundle of old books left her by her dead father. These were stored away in an old sea-chest, and now, when looking around for something to interest him in-doors, they were remembered and hunted up.

A few more years went by. James had recovered and was on shipboard again. In port he was rarely seen in chapel, the prayer-meeting was abandoned, Sabbaths broken, the Bible neglected, family altar gone to ruin. James became a swearer, a scoffer, a hard-drinker, a frequenter of dance-houses.

A sad change for the poor fellow! What caused it? When did it begin?

Hear his own account: "My wife's legacy from her father's old sea-chest—that lot of infidel books ruined me! I read them at first from having nothing to do, and then from curiosity; but their poison entered my soul. I had not learning enough to argue them down, nor faith enough to rise above them; so they drew me on the lee shore of unbelief, and, I am in danger of being wrecked eternally."

In contrast with this was the history of a wild, wicked young soldier,

married to a poor woman whose little all was a pewter spoon and a couple of small books. The gentle talk of his wife attracted the young husband home from his evenings at the ale-shops. She told him stories of her godly father, and how he loved the books which he had left her; and the young soldier falling sick took up the books and read. One of them was "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" more and more each loved to hear the plain and precious talk of the little book, as it told them of Christ and heavenly things then the young couple turned their own steps into this path. The wife went but a little way, and came to the end. The poor husband had a longer and harder road to travel; yet he found it all brightening as he went, and he left a shining track behind, for thousands and thousands to follow in. That way is called the Pilgrim's Progress and the man was John Bunyan.

Oh, the power of books! Yes, both for evil and for good. No one can really estimate their influence. They are companions and counsellors in our most receptive moods, dropping their words in those quiet times and places when we are most susceptible of impressions, and least inclined to oppose, to discuss, or dismiss them.

The Pilot.

Some years ago the ship *Try*, from England, entered the harbor of New York, and having cast anchor, signalled for a pilot. Ere long one came, to whom the captain said, "Welcome on board the *Try*," giving the entire management of the vessel into his hands.

A steamer was alongside, the owner of which tendered his services to aid in bringing the ship to

the port, but the pilot said, "No, I can bring her in."

It may be asked could not the captain guide his ship safely to the dock? He dared not. A law of the city forbade him, and a battery was ready to enforce the law. Soon a health officer came on board, and, after examination had, gave a clean bill of health. Then we came to our "desired haven."

Man is traveling to another country. Jesus having opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers is appointed by the Father to be our guide thither; without him we cannot enter heaven, and dare not if we could. "No man cometh to the Father" but by him. He can bring us in without help from any other source, and he will if we believe in him.

But "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." This is the work of the Holy Spirit in us. That Spirit who has been given in answer to the prayer of Jesus on his return to his Father.

Fellow-traveler, signal to Jesus; call upon him. He is nigh, not far off. Welcome him to thy soul; give him thy heart. Let him be thy guide; and he will bring thee ere long to the presence of his Father and thy Father where there are "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore," saying:

"Christ is my pilot wise,
My compass is his word,
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord.
I trust his faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour."

C. H. S.

Death in the Prayer Meeting.

A sea captain was present with a number of seafaring men, and while he was giving an account of his religious experience, and his hope that he was a Christian, he

said he did not always feel assured as he would like to. The leader said to him, 'Do you wish us to pray that you may have full assurance of faith?'

"The captain arose and tried to speak, but immediately sat down. I saw he could not speak, but I could not divine the cause. I began to pray for greater faith in Jesus to be imparted to him, and as I proceeded, I heard a fall upon the floor. It was the captain. We took him up speechless. He never spoke again. In a few hours his spirit was beyond the river of death, and had entered upon the untried realities of eternity. I hope he has gone to heaven.

Rev. Mr. Ancient.

Chaplain Payne, of the Royal Navy, recognizes this clerical hero as once a sailor on board H. M. S. *Mars*. He says:

"I had a Bible class for the men at night, and he was always there. On 'the paying off,' of the ship he left the service to become a Scripture reader for the R. N. S. R. S., and ultimately received Holy Orders. It is well for the refined to have before them the examples of the self-denial and indomitable pluck of young Denison and Bishops Selwyn and Patteson; but I can assure you that, taking into account all the difficulties he had to encounter on the lower deck of H. M. S. *Mars* amongst his ship-mates, many of whom were ruffians from the slums of London—'bounty men' instead of men brought up in the service—considering all the difficulties and want of advantages, I say it is my belief that the Rev. W. J. Ancient deserves to be classed with our brightest modern saints, as well as to get the Royal Humane Society's medal."

For the Sailors' Magazine.

A Portuguese Sailor becomes an Hawaiian Pastor.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON.

When a young lad resolves to become a sailor, no mortal can predict what may become his career. It is interesting to trace the careers of some of those who have acted a conspicuous part on the world-wide stage, and learn that in early life they roamed the seas and slept in a fore-castle. Not all, of course, who take to this course of life turn out to be Admirals, or Commodores, merchant princes or distinguished divines. Still some persons of this description have been sailors, and some who now are inmates of the fore-castle, and experiencing all the hardships of a sailor life, are destined to move in very different spheres. A gentleman called upon me a few days since, who is now a writer for the popular magazines of the day, and remarked, "I heard you preach when I was a sailor on board the U. S. ship *Columbus*, more than a quarter of a century ago." The commander of one of the China steamers reminded me not long since, that when a sailor lad I invited him to the Sabbath School in Honolulu. There is many a merchant in New York and Boston who has been a sailor boy in the Pacific.

There are, at least, a half dozen ministers of the gospel in the United States whom I have known as seamen.

I have been led to indulge in the foregoing strain of remark from an interesting incident, that may not be unworthy of record, illustrating, as it does, how wonderfully mysterious are the ways of divine providence. For three years I had not spent a Sabbath away from Honolulu. A ministerial brother,—the Rev. D. Dole, visiting Honolulu, from a neighboring island, kindly consented to occupy my pulpit for a single Sabbath, and so I rode over to the other side of the island of Oahu, and worshipped in a native church. On my ride thither, I chanced to fall in with one of the pastors

of a native church. I refer to the Rev. M. Manuela, who is a native of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. Learning that he was born in that renowned city of Europe, I felt a strong desire to learn by what train of Providence he could have become the pastor of a Protestant church among Hawaiians.

As we walked our horses and chatted away by the road, ascending the mountain separating the north from the south side of the island of Oahu, I asked him to relate to me briefly an outline of his life, he being now somewhat over fifty years of age. He remarked that Lisbon was his native city, but that when a lad he become a sailor, on board a Portuguese man-of-war. This vessel visited Fayal, where he was discharged, sick in the Marine Hospital. On recovering, he shipped on board an American whale ship, and made two voyages, visiting New Bedford. On his second voyage his vessel was overtaken by a violent storm, and the captain was disposed to cut away the masts, to right the vessel lying on her "beam ends." There was a pious sailor on board, belonging to New York, however, who requested the captain to delay until he should offer prayer. The prayer was offered, the storm so far abated that there was no necessity for cutting away the masts.

This incident led our young Portuguese sailor to request of his Protestant ship-mate to instruct him about the God whom he worshipped, and to whom he offered prayer, for he was convinced it was useless to pray to Mary.

"Charlie," for that was the name by which this young man was known, informed his shipmate that if he desired to learn more about the Protestant's God he must learn to read the Bible. He now commenced the study of the English language, under Charlie's instruction. Time passed away, he learned to read the Bible, and became a nominal believer in the Protestant form of Christianity. Ere long he shipped on a whaling voyage for the Pacific, and often

visited Honolulu, and here was discharged. He became a resident on shore, always attending Protestant preaching. I recollect too, to have often seen him in the Bethel. He occupied a particular seat where he always sat, in the gallery. As he had married a native he attended the preaching of the first native church in Honolulu, while the Rev. E. W. Clark was pastor. It was there that he made a public profession of his faith in Christ. Having made very respectable attainments in scriptural knowledge, and received an aptitude for preaching and teaching, he was ordained about six years ago, and placed as a pastor in the native church at Kanaohe, about ten miles from this city, on the north side of the island. There he has labored with success and usefulness, enjoying most fully the confidence of his associates in the christian ministry. I had much pleasant conversation with him respecting his parish, mode of preaching, success and discourse generally. How very singular and mysterious that a young lad should be led by the providences of God from Lisbon, in Portugal, to the Sandwich Islands, to become the pastor of a Protestant church, among Hawaiians! Truly with Cowper may we sing:—

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

HONOLULU, May 20th, 1873.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Fate of the *Jonquil*.

The *Jonquil* sailed from New York in the month of September 1816, with an assorted cargo for St. Domingo. As she spread her snowy wings on a bright Sunday morning, and moved gracefully down the bay, she seemed like some nautical angel in pursuit of a fairer clime.

She was one of the famous Baltimore clippers which did such good service in the war of 1812. But when peace was

declared, her vocation ended. Like many other sharp built schooners, she was purchased for merchant service, with a view of making rapid voyages along the coast or to the West Indies.

A more perfect marine structure could hardly be conceived. Her raking masts, sharp bow, and graceful set on the water, took the eye of those experienced in nautical affairs.

After the brief farewells were spoken, with mingling hopes and fears, the *Jonquil* set sail and soon disappeared in the distant horizon. The experienced ones shook their heads and expressed their apprehensions lest her very capacity for fleetness might imperil her in case of a heavy blow.

The super-cargo was a young man whose family regarded him as the pillar of their earthly support, and who parted with him reluctantly and sorrowfully, it being understood that this should be his last voyage, as, alas, it proved to be.

After a successful run of four or five days, the signs of a fearful tempest appeared, everything that nautical skill could devise was resorted to to put the clipper in the best possible trim for riding out the gale, now deepening to a most terrific hurricane. But the struggle was too great for her. Her sharp prow, and crank proportions, which made her so fleet in a smooth sea, now became the cause of her peril, and made it almost certain that she must succumb to the fury of the elements. But sailors seldom show their fears, nor do they indulge in discouraging predictions. So many storms have been breasted, and so many hair-breadth escapes encountered, that generally they keep a firm grasp on the anchor of hope.

It was so in this case, though every moment deepened their anxiety as the poor storm bird ploughed her way literally through the mountain waves. Suddenly an avalanche of water came thundering upon her and swept away the captain, mate, and several of the

hands. The super-cargo then took charge, amid gloomy forebodings. Just then a sail hove in sight. A signal of distress was made but no notice was taken of it. Another tremendous wave came crashing upon the deck and tore the young man from his position whilst in the act of making another signal, and he was seen no more.

The cook, an old negro, with two seamen, were all that remained, but nothing more could be done. The *Jonquil* was no longer a beautiful flower in bloom, but a mere sea-weed floating up and down withersoever the winds and waves tossed her.

The storm gradually subsided, and the three survivors lashed themselves to the wreck and awaited their fate. The two white men gave up and died, and the poor old colored man was left alone. He describes the sharks as coming around him and awaiting their prey. He saw the most horrible of deaths staring him in the face. Reason fled and he knew nothing more until he awakened out of this delirium and found himself on board a Spanish brig with every kind-

ness administered which humanity could suggest. This brig had crossed the track of the *Jonquil* and taken off the only survivor, who related the circumstances of the shipwreck, and lived to return and repeat them to the mourners at home.

The sad tale here presented is not told with a view of exciting a mere temporary interest, but to show how true it is often that "behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face." Before leaving his home, the super-cargo had given proof of a religious feeling, and though his body was buried under the billows, his soul, we have little doubt, "went aloft." The family had not been, until this shock came, a particularly religious family. But the voice of God in this dispensation brought them to a decision in this respect, and started them on the way to heaven. Henceforward they consecrated themselves to God and to the good of their fellow men. Two became missionaries to the heathen, and the younger and only surviving brother, became a minister of the gospel at home. "God's ways are not as our ways."

J. B. W.

OUR WORK :

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Honolulu, S. I.

SAILOR'S HOME.

The Executive Committee of the Sailor's Home Society have made arrangements with Mr. E. Dunscombe to superintend the "Home" when Mrs. Whitteus retires, who has had charge of the establishment during the last two and a half years. We feel confident that the future superintendent will not fail in his duties to seamen. The "Home" was opened for boarders and lodgers in 1856, and for sixteen years has never been closed, having

been successfully managed by Mr. and Mrs. Thrum, Capt. and Mrs. Oat, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Crabbe and Mrs. Whitteus. The Trustees flatter themselves that the "Home" has been managed in accordance with the provisions of the original Charter granted by Kamehameha III. in 1854, and in such a manner as to meet the wants of seamen visiting Honolulu. The direct and indirect influence of the "Home" has been very great and beneficial among seamen. It was through the influence of the Trustees that the Hawaiian laws were so modified as to meet the wants of seamen,

equally with the new laws relating to seamen in the United States. In regard to Mr. Dunscombe, we remark, that his long acquaintance among seamen and his labors as colporteur during the last six years in Honolulu, eminently qualify him to manage the establishment.

STRANGERS FRIEND SOCIETY.

The 21st anniversary of this Society was held at the residence of the President of the Society, Mrs. S. C. Damon, at which the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were presented, and other business transacted. The receipts for the year past were \$468, and the expenditures \$429. The Secretary reported that fifteen persons or families had received relief, mostly strangers in needy circumstances, who have no claim on the American, English, or German benevolent societies. In the evening His Majesty the King honored the ladies of the Society with his presence, thus evincing an interest in the objects for which it was instituted.

Genoa Harbor Mission.

We present extracts from the Diary of our Colporteur here, lately received.

January 2d 1873.—To day I had a long discussion with the first officer of the Bombay steamer *Asia*, who put a number of questions to me, on the Bible, Protestants, the person of God, the soul, future life and such subjects. I found he was an atheist. (*Note.* The colporteur here gives an account of the discussion, which though cleverly sustained by him, seems to have made little impression on his opponent. The case may be regarded as typical of the transition state, through which, to a great extent, the Italian mind is passing. Romanism has produced contempt of all religion, but while the great subjects above referred to, are sneered at, they are often eagerly discussed. The feeling of unrest in the soul, leads many to argue, though perhaps

only in the hope, that they will confirm themselves in their unbelief).

Jan. 4th.—Sold a Bible to a caulker, who in spite of the jeers of his companions spoke well of the book, and promised to come to our church.

Jan. 7th.—A captain asked me if I had any of Dumas' Novels. I told him I had far more useful books, and after a long discussion persuaded him to buy three, one of which was, "To Free Thinkers." I had a very interesting conversation with the purser of a large steamer who told me, he had been reading the Bible for some time past, and had satisfied himself, that the Roman Catholic religion was unscriptural, but had not yet seen his way clear to join any other church. He listened with evident interest to all I said to him, and I am hopeful, that a blessing will follow our conversation.

Jan. 11th.—On board the emigrant ship *Poitou*, I sold in a very short time 6 Testaments and 19 pamphlets, thanks to a priest! This honest man bought a Testament and looked at my books, and turning to the crowd, who had gathered round us, said, they might buy freely, for they were all good books, and told them of Jesus Christ the Saviour. I presented the priest with a copy of the "Anxious Enquirer."

Jan. 12th.—A caulker, to whom I had given some children's illustrated papers, a few days ago, told me his wife had read them, and was surprised to find them so good, as she always thought protestant books and papers were bad. I gave him a portion and a tract, and invited him to the church. The captain of a Genoese vessel, just about to sail, received me very kindly and ordered wine and biscuit to be brought for me. He told me he had been in our church and believed the truth was preached there. I had a long conversation with him and his men on religious topics.

Jan. 16th.—On board a Sicilian vessel, I found a sailor who had a Testament. At the request of the crew, I remained and read with them for three quarters of an hour, making some simple remarks as I read, and they were all serious and attentive. One remarked as I came away, that he was glad they had on board the best of books.

Jan. 17th.—Paid another visit to the Sicilian vessel; two of the sailors bought Testaments, saying, that though they could not read, they would get their younger brothers at home to read for them.

Norway.

Rev. H. P. BERGH, writing from Christiania, May 12th, describes Sunday preaching services among sailors, saying: "Yesterday evening I had the first service on shipboard, this year. It was a glorious meeting. At 7 o'clock I went to the pier, to seek the master of a vessel who had the previous day invited me to preach on board his ship. As he was not on board I tried another ship, but got no permission. So I went to a third, and was gladly received by the skipper, who recognized me from last summer, when he had been with me at church. The Bethel flag was hoisted, the brethren and sisters began to sing, and very soon the adjoining ships and the pier were crowded with people. I took for my text, *Rom. iii, 29th*, and the preaching had a wonderful effect upon the hearers. It was encouraging to see seamen and others from the ragged jobbers up to the so called higher classes, all listen with the greatest attention, as it were swallowing every word. When I showed the necessity of having the LORD as the God, King and Saviour of our souls, and when I told them about the great blessings of true,—'heart religion'—temporal and eternal, the great moving and the tearful eyes showed that God had taken hold of their hearts.

So I have again begun my summer work, on board, and I am very glad of having again the opportunity to preach the Gospel to seamen that are not likely otherwise to hear it."

Denmark.

ODENSE.

After reporting his labor for three months prior to April 1st, at this port, and in Nyborg and Korsør, Rev. F. L. Rymker continues thus: "I have spoken to seamen concerning their souls' salvation, offered the Scriptures to them and given them tracts. They hear me without gainsaying, receive the tracts with thanks, and on the whole are very cour-

teous. But though I believe that the moral condition of our seamen at present, is much better now than previously, it is nevertheless rare to find vital religion among seamen as well as among landmen, in Denmark. A young student, son of one of our most respectable families was ordained by the Bishop of Odense, a short time since, to be pastor or missionary to Danish seamen in the port of Hull, England."

Writing from Odense, June 3d, the same missionary says of Aarhmsus, a Dutch harbor which he recently visited: "I find it to be in Denmark, what Gotenberg is in Sweden, and Liverpool in England. It has the greatest amount of shipping next to Copenhagen, in the country. There were English, German, Russian, Swedish and Norwegian besides Danish, in all about forty, in the harbor, and it was said that there are to be many more. I was in it, two days, and was happy to visit them all, offering the Scriptures, tracts and books, and improving the opportunity to speak a word for Jesus to those on board. I could find no live Christians in the place, and there is great need of spiritual labor, both on the land and for seamen. The town is nearly as large as Odense, and about eighty miles from it, with 16,000 inhabitants."

BORNHOLM.

Rev. P. E. RYDING, (April 15th), says: "January 1st we had a very happy day, the children of God being assembled to praise him for the finished year, and beg strength and grace of him for the coming year. A man to whom God had shown great mercy and compassion, was received into our congregation. The chapel was overcrowded from 2 till 10 p. m. and we praised the Lord in prayers and songs having great joy and peace. January 5th, we began the prayer week, and during it, many were gathered, and the hearts of many were moved and tears of repentance poured forth. February 24th, I baptized four pardoned sinners. The congregation at Bornholm

consists of 140 members. We have three Sunday-schools in Ronne, one in Nexø, one in Oesker and twelve teachers for the schools. When you are kneeling at the throne of grace I beg you to remember me and my humble work that the Lord will bless it."

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

Hence, 11th June, writes Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT: "In April and May, I have preached in Helsingborg, Landskrona, Malmö, Christianstadt, and in several fishing places and villages in the country. The Lord opened many doors and I trust, also many hearts for his word. Many sailors have willingly received, others have despised it. During several days in May, I was teaching in Kullen. Here also I met with several believing children of God among sailors and villagers. The kingdom of God has got progress in this part of our country and some Christian sailors and countrymen will soon build a great mission-house in Wasby, near the coal mine Hoganas, where evangelical preachers of different Christian denominations shall be invited to preach the gospel. May the Lord bless and strengthen us all in our labor for his kingdom among sailors and other poor sinners."

GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERICSSON writes of his labors in January, February and March, 1873: "After the prayer week, the Spirit of God blew over the field, and moved the people in many places in our country. Many sinners have been led to believe in Jesus. Our church has been increased with 20 members." "In my labors, (while traveling) some have driven me out, but others have received the word with joy. Here is a hard ground. The people are ignorant and superstitious. They are more attentive to stories of apparitions than to the word of God. In this quarter I have preached 49 times and lead in 30 prayer-meetings. We wait

the opening of navigation which will bring to us many sailors."

STOCKHOLM.

Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG traveled from 1st March to 26th April in Stockholm Lau and in Upsala Lau, visiting parishes and villages, preaching in school-houses and in dwellings—usually to audiences of 40 to 50. He met with pious sailors and fishermen at Borstel, and with a sailor eagerly listening to hear the way to Christ. After April 26th, at Stockholm, he visited on board vessels, and preached, being on board 145, viz: 53 Swedish, 37 Norwegian, 12 Finland, 11 Dutch, 3 Danish, 2 French, 12 German, 1 Russian, and 14 English.

Chili, S. A.

TALCAHUANO.

Dr. SWANEY (May 18th) after giving an encouraging statement of the average attendance at Talcahuano and Concepcion for the six months since his annual report says, "Seamen have manifested a good deal of interest in our religious services, and have gratefully broke bread with us at many social gatherings for song and conversation."

France, Marseilles.

Rev. GORDON THOMPSON writes: "The kindness we received from American visitors as well as from your Society is most gratifying. On two Sunday evenings I have been helped by clergymen of the Episcopal church of America and others, in our services for the men. And indeed we have now as many American vessels calling at Marseilles as English."

China, Tientsin.

Mr. SMITH, of the American Board, reports (April 5th) in the August Herald, some labor among English-speaking sailors at Tientsin, specially by himself and Mr. PORTER, while they are engaged in the study of the Chinese language; "as the apparent result of which twelve sail-

ors have united with the church, most of whom give excellent evidence of a change of heart."

New Orleans, La.

CHAPLAIN PEASE is desirous of obtaining a Colporteur, to labor among the Scandinavian sailors who frequent this port in large numbers. A special service is held for them, which is well attended. He says at no time has his Bethel work been more encouraging than of late. The U. S. Shipping Commissioner co-operates with him in his efforts for the welfare of seamen, and the public favor is more decided than ever. He is doing great good.

Charleston Port Society.

CIRCULAR.

The PORT SOCIETY of CHARLESTON was organized in 1822, and was among the first of those institutions in which the sailor could find an appropriate worship of the Deity; and in Charleston was first established a Sailors' Home in 1826. Here he could enjoy a safe refuge from the accustomed dens in which he was the victim of fraud and imposition.

In Charleston was also originated the first Marine School Ship, instituted in the year 1859; where (prior to the late civil war) many youths were educated, some of whom are now ornaments to their chosen profession.

The Port Society had, up to 1861, supported both the above named institutions, and since the cessation of the late war, it has been enabled, (by the liberality of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York, to maintain the BETHEL and HOME.

Now, the Society finds itself embarrassed by a debt of \$1,200, to meet which liability it appeals respectfully and urgently to all friends of the seamen.

To record the benefits which have been conferred by the existence and acts of this Society would require a space beyond the limits justified in this solici-

tion. Suffice it to say, that many a son has been restored to his bereaved and anxious parents in this and foreign countries through this medium, as testified in frequent grateful letters in the possession of the Society.

If each one of our well-wishers would give his or her mite, our debt can be liquidated, and the noble work continue.

Donations can be sent to the Chaplain, Rev. WILLIAM B. YATES, or to WILLIAM ROACH, Esq., East Bay.

WILLIAM ROACH, President.

WILLIAM B. YATES, Chaplain.

Executive Committee.

A. L. TOBIAS,

J. S. FAIRLY,

HENRY CARD,

T. Y. SIMONS,

E. WILLIS,

W. J. MIDDLETON.

Boston, Mass.

At the Marine Hospital in Chelsea, where Capt. BARTLETT is still carrying on his labors, more than one hundred sailors have stood up for prayers since January 1st. There were six at the meeting last Sunday night. Instead of being reckless and hardened, as we might suppose, these men of the sea, at least when they come into the Hospital, are tender, and their hearts seem to be much more susceptible to religious influence than many are who have all their lives enjoyed home and gospel privileges.

Oswego, N. Y.

Our most excellent brother, Rev. D. H. EMERSON, D. D., who, by arrangement with the Y. M. C. A., has recently taken charge of the Bethel work at this important port, says in a hopeful note "On Sabbath morning I preach to the officers and men in Fort Ontario, and at four o'clock p. m., my blue flag is unfurled to the breeze, and beneath its folds I proclaim Christ to sailors. This service is at the steamboat landing, with a good choir, and *many linger to hear of Jesus.*" He is greatly encouraged thus far in his labors among seamen and others. The Association is to be congratulated on having secured his invaluable services.

Peace Declared.

At a meeting of the N. Y. Association of Sailor's Landlords, Thursday, July 10th, 1873, a resolution was passed that the members of the Association will offer no further resistance to the U. S. shipping law, but hereafter work in accord with the Commissioner. On Friday a large delegation of these landlords called upon Commissioner Duncan. He assured them that he held neither spite nor malice against any one of them; that from the first his only purpose was to execute the law, and that purpose he should hold as long as he held his position. A good understanding was arrived at, and so ended this long and troublesome war.

Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street.

MR. ALEXANDER reports two hundred and two arrivals during the month of June. These deposited with him \$2,240, of which amount \$950 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$525 were placed in the Savings' Bank, the balance being returned to the depositors.

In the same time eighteen men were shipped from the HOME without advance, and four were sent to the hospital.

Position of the Principal Planets for August, 1873.

MERCURY is an evening star until the morning of the 13th, at 2 h. 22 m., when it is in inferior conjunction with the sun. After this it is a morning star; is in conjunction with the moon on the forenoon of the 21st, at 11 h., being $8^{\circ} 5'$ south; is stationary among the stars on the morning of the 22nd at 7 h. 9 m.; is at its greatest elongation on the forenoon of the 30th, at 9 h. 41 m., being then $18^{\circ} 8'$ west of the sun.

VENUS is a morning star during this month; is in conjunction with the moon on the 18th, at 45 m. before midnight, being $5^{\circ} 47'$ south.

MARS is in quadrature with the sun on the morning of the 12th, at 4 h. 16 m. after which it is considered an evening star during the remainder of the month; is twice in conjunction with the moon during this month, the first time on the afternoon of the 1st, at 5 h. 27 m., being $2^{\circ} 32'$ south, and again on the morning of the 30th, at 8 h. 26 m., being $52'$ south, at which time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels 10° and 68° north latitudes.

JUPITER is an evening star; is in conjunction with the moon on the 23rd, at 49 m. past noon, being $4^{\circ} 2'$ south.

SATURN crosses the Meridian on the 1st, at 40 m. before midnight, being $20^{\circ} 43'$ south of the equator; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 7th, at 3 h. 12 m., being $4^{\circ} 21'$ north.

Prof. R. H. B.

Clinton Point Observatory on the Hudson.

Total Disasters in June, 1873.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 22, of which 10 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 2 foundered, and 8 are missing. They are classed as follows: 4 ships, 8 barks, 2 brigs, and 8 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$442,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w*, were wrecked, *a*, abandoned, *f*, foundered, and *m*, missing.

SHIPS.

Rinaldo, *m*, from Leith for San Francisco.
Montpelier, *w*, from Rangoon for Bombay.
City of Hamilton, *m*, from Philadelphia for Hamburg.
Marinus, *m*, from Baltimore for Queenstown.

BARKS.

Welkin, *m*, from Cardiff for Havana.
Dr. O. J. Brock, *m*, from Liverpool for Baltimore.
Monarch, *w*, from Doboy for Newcastle, E.
Helen, *m*, from Caernarvon for New Orleans.
Lorenzo Valerio, *w*, from Bull River for London.
Leonardo da Vinci, *w*, from Savona for San Francisco.

Martha, *w*, from Philadelphia for Königsberg.
Volant, *m*, from New York for Antwerp.

BRIGS.

Rio Grande, *a*, from Fernandina for Philadelphia.
Life Brigade, *m*, from Baltimore for Neath.

SCHOONERS.

Belvidere, w. (Fisherman.)	
Enterprise, w. from Umpqua River for San Buenaventura.	
Laura R. Burnham, w. (Fisherman.)	
Erie, f. from Philadelphia for Lynn.	
Arrow, f. from Barbadoes for Boston.	
Grace B. West, a. from Philadelphia for Galveston.	
Gilson Carman, w. from New London for San Francisco.	
Golden Gate, w. from Moro Bay, Cal.	

Receipts for June, 1873.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gilsum, Cong. ch.	\$7 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Barre, Cong. ch.	19 24
Boston, bark <i>Bachelors</i> , Capt. G. W. Tooker.	2 00
Brig <i>Northern Star</i> , Capt. Anderson	5 00
Charlestown, Winthrop church.	96 42
Rev. P. C. Heady, for library.	20 00
Falmouth, 1st church.	32 45
Leominster, M. Harris.	1 00
Newburyport, Whitfield church.	34 16
Bethel Society, to const. Rev. O. W. Folsom, L. M.	30 00
North Brookfield, 1st church, Rev. G. H. DeBevoise, L. M.	30 00
North Middleboro, in full, to const. Jared T. Alden, L. M.	4 85
Pittsfield, S. S., South Cong. ch., lib'y.	20 00
Plymouth, by Thos. Loring, ex. estate of H. Mills, for libraries.	40 00
Taunton, Westville S. S. for library.	20 00
Ware, Rev. Asa Mann, in full, for lib'y	5 00
Worcester, Mrs. Eliza Henly.	1 00
Westhampton, S. S., Cong. ch., lib'y.	20 00
Dea. W. I. Edwards, for library.	20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, Mrs. Thos. Norris.	2 00
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CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, Cong. church S. S.	48 06
Dea. Charles Webster, for library.	20 00
Deep River, Cong. church.	8 00
Essex, Cong. church, balance to const. Frederick I. Smith, L. M.	12 50
1st Bap. church.	9 00
Greenwich, Oliver Mead.	10 00
Sarah Mead.	10 00
Hartford, Centre church.	214 98
Park church, of wh. to const. L. M. Hotchkiss, Charles H. Bunce, and David R. Woodford, L. Ms.	130 25
Pearl street church, of wh. to const. J. B. Eldridge, L. M.	97 45
Hartland, S. S., Cong. church, lib'y.	20 00
Harwinton, Cong. church.	18 61
Huntington, S. S., Cong. church, lib'y.	20 00
Lyme, 1st Cong. church, additional.	6 35
Middletown, E. Paddock.	5 00
Rockville, 2nd Cong. church, for lib'y.	20 00
Washington, Cong. church S. S., lib'y.	12 50
Watertown, Jno. DeForest, for lib'y.	20 00
Westbrook, Cong. church.	16 00
Westport, in memoriam, for libraries.	40 00

NEW YORK.

Albion, M. E. church.	2 70
Avon, Bap. church.	2 35
Brooklyn, Ref. church on the Heights.	354 49
Classon Ave. Pres. church.	57 88
Fort Green Pres. church S. S. Miss'n Asso'n, for library.	20 00
1st Pres. church.	72 30
Buffalo, Mrs. Lavinia H. Austin.	100 00
Mr. H. H. Hale.	25 00
Canaserauga, M. E. church.	2 33

Chittenango, M. E. church.	10 144
Fayetteville, S. S., Pres. church, lib'y.	20 00
Gaines, S. S., Cong. church, for lib'y.	20 00
Greece, S. S., Bap., balance for lib'y.	5 00
Homer, Cong. church.	84 75
Cong church S. S., for library.	20 00
Prof. Manley's class for library.	20 00
Hudson, Miss Catharine A. Robinson, for library.	20 00
Lockport, M. E. church.	13 75
S. S., Bap. church, additional.	8 24
S. S., Pres. church.	2 00
Milan, Bap. church.	5 75
M. E. church.	2 156
Moravia, Union Meeting.	15 93
New York City, Capt. Thos. Tapley and son, mate and steward bark <i>Ironsides</i> .	8 00

Capt. E. Perry, schr. *Florence N. Tower*.

Capt. S. Blanchard, brig <i>Sportsman</i> .	10 00
Capt. Dollar, bark <i>Northern Queen</i> .	3 00
Cash.	5 00
Mrs. A. E. Bronson.	20 00
W. C. Rhinelander.	100 00
Cash.	10 00
Waldo Hutchins.	10 00
Wm. Alex. Smith.	20 00
W. W. Clarke.	5 00
James Hunter.	25 00
J. C. H.	50 00
A. Norrie.	25 00
H. Griffin.	5 00
H. F. Lombard.	5 00
Sanford Cobb.	5 00
W. Oothout.	25 00
Mrs. Halsted.	10 00
J. B. Spelman.	10 00
J. M. M.	10 00
W. W. Niles.	5 00
Theodore Roosevelt.	100 00
C. H. Read.	10 00
L. M. Quimby.	50
Oriskany Falls, Cong. church.	6 20
Peekskill, 1st Pres. church, of which Geo. Dayton, for library \$20.	69 01
S. S., for library.	25 00
Pompey, Cong. church.	11 21
Disciples church.	5 35
M. E. church.	2 12
Rochester, Brick Pres. church.	204 75
Saugerties, S. S., Ref. church, for lib'y	20 00
Cong. church, for library.	20 00
Stateroad, M. E. church.	2 25
Tarrytown, Mrs. M. E. Cruse, for the Cruse library.	20 00
Vernon, Bap. church.	3 70
M. E. church.	2 41
Warner's Station, M. E. church.	3 83
Wilson, Bap. church.	10 35
M. E. church.	6 35
Youngstown, M. E. church.	4 22

NEW JERSEY.

Caldwell, Pres. church.	44 03
Elizabeth, Samuel Shindler, to const. himself L. M.	30 00
Newark, 3rd Pres. church.	57 08
1st Pres. church, Mrs. Wm. Rankin	151 98
\$52.	
Orange, S. S., Trinity Cong. ch., lib'y.	20 00

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Mrs. Willard Hall, lib'y.	20 00
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MARYLAND.

Baltimore, James Warden.	5 00
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MISSOURI.

St. Louis, Bullard class, S. S., 1st Pres. church, balance for lib'y	5 00
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\$3,271 59



August, Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. 1873.

LIBRARY REPORTS.

During June, 1873, sixty-eight libraries (thirty-two new and thirty-six refitted) went to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The thirty two new libraries were, Nos. 4 034, 4 047, 4 061, 4 062, 4 063, 4 066, and 4 069, at Boston,—and Nos. 4 544—4 568, inclusive, at New York, as below :

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
4034..	Mrs. Julia Leeds, Hanover, N. H.....	Schr. I. A. Lewis.....	Grand Banks.....	12
4047..	1st Bap. ch. Bible class, Pawtucket, R. I.	Bark Desdemona.....	Indian Ocean.....	30
4061..	R. B. French, Saxonville, Mass.....	Schr. Powou.....	Grand Banks.....	12
4062..	The late Henry Mills, Plymouth, Mass.	Schr. Louisa.....	Grand Banks.....	12
4063..	G. W. W. Dove, Andover, Mass.....	Schr. Fremont.....	Grand Banks.....	11
4066..	Cong. ch., S. S., Hopkinton, Mass.....	Schr. Cordova.....	Grand Banks.....	10
4069..	Cong. S. S.,	Ship Mindona.....	Australia.....	21
4544..	Ansonia Library, Ansonia, Ct., (Chas. H. Pine).....	Bark Hypatia.....	Europe.....	16
4545..	Mrs. Sarah Millard, New Hamburg, N. Y.....	Bark Mary E. Libbey...	Havana.....	10
4546..	Miss Lydia D. Millard, New Hamburg, N. Y.....	Bark H. L. Routh.....	{ New Orleans and Genoa.....	17
4547..	Miss Maria Ferris, Tarrytown, N. Y...	Bark Mary M. Bird.....	Marseilles.....	12
4548..	Mrs. Maria B. Nichols, Tarrytown, N.Y.	Bark Ironsides.....	Stockholm.....	10
4549..	John S. Mitchell, " " "	Bark John E. Chase....	Antwerp.....	16
4550..	Miss Mary L. Mitchell, " " "	Ship Prima Donna.....	San Francisco.....	28
4551..	6th Street Pres. ch., Newark, N. J.....	Schr. Jennie Stout.....	Savannah.....	10
4552..	S. S., Cong. ch., Birmingham, Conn.....	Bark Idaho.....	Cienfuegos.....	11
4553..	Miss. Asso'n., Fort Green Place, Pres. ch. S. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Gemsbok.....	Dawdieu, N. Z.....	13
4554..	S. S., Cong. ch., Bristol, Conn.....	Bark New York.....	Cadiz.....	10
4555..	S. S., Bap. ch., Homer, N. Y.....	Ship Swallow.....	San Francisco.....	28
4556..	Mrs. Leonard W. Kipp, New York City	Bark St. Cloud.....	Antwerp.....	14
4557..	Daniel S. Miller, " " "	Bark George Henry....	Stettin.....	11
4558..	Benj. DeForest, Watertown, Conn.....	Bark Sarah A. Dudman.	Stettin.....	10
4559..	" " " " " " "	Bark Brothers.....	Europe.....	12
4560..	" " " " " " "	Bark Smyrniote.....	Mediterranean.....	11
4561..	S. S., Bap. ch., Lima, N. Y.....	Bark Josephine.....	Liverpool.....	11
4562..	Benj. DeForest, Watertown, Conn.....	Ship Aurora.....	San Francisco.....	35
4563..	" " " " " " "	Bark Northern Queen...	Europe.....	16
4564..	S. S., Pres. ch., Lima, N. Y.....	Bark Thomas Pope.....	Porto Rico.....	15
4565..	S. S., Cong. ch., Pearl St., Hartford, Ct.	Ship Richards Robinson	Havre.....	26
4566..	" " " " " " "	Bark Templar.....	Leghorn.....	15
4567..	Mrs. J. V. Mahan, Washington, D. C...	Bark Addie McAdam...	Bordeaux.....	10
4568..	Henry Crocker, Damariscotta, Me.....	Bark M. E. Chapman...	Cienfuegos.....	10

The thirty-six Libraries refitted and re-shipped were :

No. 375, on steamer *Scandinavian*, coastwise; No. 922, on schr. *A. A. Holton*, for Tuspan; No. 1,032, on schr. *Cambria*, for Maracaibo; No. 1,034, on schr. *M. Cronin*, for Bermuda; No. 2,550, on schr. *Isabella*, for Wilmington; No. 2,806, on schr. *Lothair*, for St. Thomas; No. 2,994, on brig *Sussex*, for London; No. 3,036, read with interest, gone to Trinidad, on brig *J. Coffill*; No. 3,134, highly appreciated, gone to Manzanillo, on brig *Guiding Star*; No. 3,138, on schr. *F. N. Tower*, coastwise; No. 3,212, on schr. *Gem*, for Galveston; No. 3,535, on brig *Cossack*, for Cienfuegos; No. 3,657, been several voyages, and the books read with interest, gone to Kingston, on bark *Norah*; No. 3,700, on brig *Village Bell*, for Demerara; No. 3,763, on schr. *J. Rudd*, for Jacksonville; No. 3,781, on brig *Emily*, for Greytown; No. 3,815, on brig *Ellen F.*, for Pictou; No. 3,821, on bark *Clansman*, for Europe; No. 3,842, on brig *Curacao*, for Curacao; No. 3,849, on schr. *H. G. Hand*, for Jacksonville; No. 3,923, books read with interest and profit, gone to Georgetown, on schr. *Ridgewood*; No. 3,983, on bark *Princesse Alexandre*, for St. Kitts; No. 4,119, on bark *Gipsy*, for Europe; No. 4,157, books were read with good results by several crews, gone to Caibarien, on brig *Sportsman*; No. 4,179, been to East Indies, much read and appreciated, gone to Jamaica, on brig *D. S. Soule*; No. 4,258, on brig *T. Campbell*, for Barbadoes; No. 4,420, see page 217 of SAILORS' MAGAZINE, July 1873, refitted and sent on board brig *Excelsior*, for Bermuda.

No. 2,821 has been heard from on board ship *Mount Washington*. "It has been on board five years, and during the voyages that it has been most used, the crews have given by far the best behavior.—T. W. B."; No. 2,881, returned from Europe, has been useful; enclosed find \$2 for the good cause.—G. W.

Tooker, *Master bark Bachelors*; No. 3,177, returned from Galveston, in good condition; No. 3,453, returned in good condition from second voyage, gone to Europe on bark *Bachelors*.

No. 4,004, heard from on board ship *John Barbour*, from South America. "The books have been a source of comfort, instruction, and benefit to myself, officers, and crew, more especially the temperance volumes, for which I shall ever feel thankful. Transferred to ship *Margarett*, for South America.—R. N. J." No. 4,023, returned from the West Indies, books all read with much interest. "Your libraries are doing a great work for sailors." Gone to St. Johns and Europe on bark *Sappho*, Captain Owen, 14 men; No. 4,031, returned from steamer *Oriental*, has been much used, and very useful, gone to Galveston on brig *Glen-dale*, Captain Nichol; No. 4,066, "The books are doing a great deal of good, one of the crew has left off using tobacco, and one has left off drinking. There is not one-quarter as much swearing as there was before the library came on board. We are all much pleased with the library.—J. E. J."; No. 4,440, returned, books all read with much interest. Gone to Demerara, on brig *Jessie Rhinos*, 8 men, Capt. Willis.

Letters and Incidents concerning Library work.

AM. SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY:

The library No. 2,786 has been on board the ship *San Carlos* the past three years, the books having been read considerably, and much interest manifested in them. They have done, I trust, a great deal of good. I have passed, myself, many pleasant moments in reading them. It is a work that certainly ought to be encouraged by all good people.

Very truly yours, JAS. A. JOHNSON,
Master ship *San Carlos*.

BOSTON, June 4th, 1873.—The above library was sent out by bark *Caledonian*, July, 1870. The bark was lost, but the library saved, and put on board the *San*

Carlos. It has been returned, refitted, and again sent out by Capt. Penny of bark *D. M. Bills*; ten men in the crew; for St. Johns, to load there for Ireland.

CHESAPEAKE BAY, June 17th, 1873.
American Seamen's Friend Society.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Your library, No. 3,946,* again goes forth the *third* South American voyage in this vessel. The books are a beautiful selection, and we prefer to take them again this voyage.

They have been read and re-read by the last two crews with much pleasure, and I know have done much good.

Sunday is our chief reading day as no work is allowed on that day by any one, however trifling, and the men are very glad to have something to read. I must say they illy provide themselves with any reading matter.

It was so kind in that dear little girl who provided this library for our poor sailors. May God bless her and provide for her welfare as she has done for us. I hope the bread she has cast upon the waters may return to her after many days. How much good children can do if they try! When I take a book to read I feel as though the spirit of that good girl was in the midst of it, and that it was her who placed it before me. Again I say from my heart, God bless her, and may she go on with the good work. That others, too, may join with her, as there is yet a large field to harvest, is the prayer of

Yours most truly,

J. M. H., bark *Ophelia M. Hume*.

* Contributed by Clara D. Goodman, East Orange, N. J.

Calling the Ferryman.

They reached the river, the father and his little daughter, late in the evening. The woods through which they had passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was cloudy and very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom

profoundly deep. Far away on the opposite shore was here and there a twinkling light in the small, scattered houses; while farther off still were the bright lamps of the great city whither they were going. The little child was weary and sleepy, and chilled by the evening air. Nothing but urgency would have induced the father to be out with her thus. As they came to the ferry they found the boat over at the other side, where the ferryman lived. So the father shouted and called, but no voice answered; then he would walk to and fro, and speak to his child, and try to comfort her; then he would call again and again. At length they saw a little light move and heard the moving of the boat. Nearer and nearer the noise came; but it was too dark to see the boat. But it came across, and the travelers entered it.

"Father!"

"Well, my child!"

"It's very dark, and I can't see the shore where we are going!"

"No, little one; but the ferryman knows the way, and we will soon be over, and then soon at home in the city, where will be light and a good fire."

"O, I wish we were there, father!"

Slowly and gently the boat swung off in the stream; and, though it was dark, and the river seemed to run fast, they were carried safely over, and the child soon forgot her great fear. In a short time after they landed she reached her home, where loving arms received her; where the room was warm with fire, and was flooded with light. On the bosom of love she rested, and her chills and terrors passed away.

Some months after this the same little child had come to another river, darker, deeper, and more

fearful still. It was the River of Death. When she first came near it, the air seemed cold, and darkness covered it, and all seemed like night. The same loving father stood near her, distressed that his child must cross this river, and he not be able to go with her. For days and nights he had been, with her mother, watching over her, and leaving her bedside only long enough to take his meals and pray for the life of his precious child.

For hours she had been slumbering very comfortably, and it seemed as if her spirit was to pass away without her waking again; but just before the morning watch, she suddenly awoke, with the eye bright, the reason unclouded, and every faculty alive. A sweet smile was playing on the face.

"Father, I have come again to the river side, and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over."

"Does it seem dark and cold as it did when we crossed the river?"

"Oh, no! There are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, but covered with floating silver. The boat coming toward me seems to be made of solid light, and though the ferryman looks dark I am not afraid of him!"

"Can my child see across the river?"

"Oh, yes; but instead of the little twinkling light here and there, as before, I can see a great, beautiful city, flooded with light and glory. I see no sun and no lamp, no moon or stars; but it is full of light. Ah! I hear music, too, coming softly over the river, sweet as the angels could make!"

"Can you see any one on the other bank of the river?"

"Why, why, yes! I see One, the most beautiful form I ever saw; and what a face! what a smile! And now he beckons me to come.

Oh, ferryman, make haste! I know who it is! It is Jesus; my own blessed Jesus! I shall be received into his arms; I shall rest in his bosom!"

"Is my little daughter afraid?"

"Afraid, dear mother? Not a bit. I think of my Psalm, *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me.*"

And thus she crossed the dark river, made like a silver stream by the presence of the blessed Redeemer. The father and mother wept, but joy and sorrow mingled in their tears, they could almost see the golden gates open to receive their loved one; and they then understood the words of the prophet, "The child shall die an hundred years old."—*Rev. John Todd.*

A Place for Prayer.

"Where do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship.

"Oh!" he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead."

"Sam, do you find a spot for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable-boy.

"O yes, sir! that old coach is my closet."

Just.

WHILE a temperance orator was recently speaking, he was asked; "What shall we do with all the grain that is now required for distilling?" "Feed the drunkard's wife and children with it. They have gone hungry long enough," was the ready reply.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall-street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman-street.

SAVINGS BANK FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall-street and 189 Cherry-street, and Boston, Tremont-street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Friend Society..	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
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Richmond street.....	Episcopal.....	" H. A. Cooke.
PORTLAND, ME. Fore st. nr. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'n'd Soc'y..	" J. P. Robinson.
PROVIDENCE, R. I. 52 Wickenden st...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society....	" F. Southworth.
NEWPORT, R. I. 51 Long Wharf.....	Individual Effort.....	" C. M. Winchester.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" C. H. Malcom, D. D.
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Organized May, 1828—Incorporated May, 1833.

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